

So Be It

by Parthyblow

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Summary: Any Animorphs POV - they speak about the haunting cry of destiny, and how it twists them so....

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> <meta name="Generator"> So Be It

So Be It

I'm so young, so young to be this way

So young to be hardened, so soon

But it wasn't I who chose this Fate

Or I who chose these blood-stained hands

Or I who chose that hate

That surges up and makes me want to scream

That makes me want to take my hands

And&#124;and&#124;

All the blood I've shed, all of it

So many innocents &#124; but it's so hard to tell now

I kill the innocent to kill the evil inside

Yet the one thing I most yearn to kill&#124;

That creature's blood is the only blood that escapes me&#124;

I feel so tired, so tired beyond belief

So old, so ancient, so rugged, beyond me  
There are those who claim to be older than I  
But I, who have lived a thousand years and more,  
I know the truth.  
They " they have not seen war " no, never!  
They do not know what it is! They listen to brave speeches  
And loud noises, and the bangs and the booms  
But then \_I\_ climb into the trench  
And when my people have their arms and legs blown away  
It is not the enemy that kills them  
It is I.  
I never wanted it to be this way  
Never, but who am I to resist Destiny's beckon?  
> All of us, we all bow to Destiny's winds<p>  
And if that eluding cry commands the death of thousands,  
So be it,  
And if that cry demands the death of our souls,  
So be it  
And if the one thing that may remain is my charred body  
And my stricken mind, and my blood-stained hands  
Well then, so be it.

End  
file.